

2.5 Vol. 1 E. 200.

The ARTGUM



Boston



TRAVEL NUMBER

COURTESY OF CASSON GALLERIES



"GLOUCESTER HARBOR"
By Stanley W. Woodward



Vol. V

Boston, Massachusetts, November, 1926

No. 1

A LETTER FROM BOSTON TO E. W. G., JR.

August 10, 1926.

.....I had crossed the broad harbor on the ferry. The short sail ordinarily showing the boat lanes so full of activity was then only a vantage point to catch the last yellow light silhouetting the wharves and boats. A warm mist crept from the open bay into the harbor making the shoreline a series of irregular masses in varied purples and greens.

We landed and then, according to the excellent directions I had received from John, I allowed myself to be snatched up by a much swathed cabman in a great-coat with a high collar. I handed him a slip with my destination printed upon it. Receiving an intelligent look from his eyes, the only part of his face that his wrappings did not cover, I climbed inside the cab and he, with a great show of business ethics, tucked me into the low, musty, upholstered seat. I was ignorant of the general character of this lumbering conveyance for the night had rapidly set in and only now, as we clattered across the timbered bridge, were the sailors lighting the great oil lamps whose wicks sputtered and flickered as an easterly breeze sprang up and whirled the grey fog from the water, leaving the rails spotted with a cool moisture.

I do not know how long we rode. At first I amused myself by imagining the meaning of the strange shouts and scraps of conversation which came to me thru

the mild night air. But the rocking of the old hack on the cobbled road and the steady clat-clat of the horses hoofs made me fall asleep.

My next memory is of a hoarse voice rasping in my ear. As my eyes grew accustomed to the light from a street lamp outside the door, I recognized the protruding head as that of my driver. By signs and laboured attempts at English, he signaled that we had arrived. I handed him a paper bill and, leaving him appalled by this munificent tip, I stepped onto the slightly elevated brick walk, ready for the first look at my destination.

So this, then, was the market place where I had come, on a friend's advice, to get material for a composition.

I did not stand long on the curb, for the steady flow of people pushed all before them. These men and women were a new type to me. Of all ages, they threaded along in a serious, intense way; or stopped before the lighted shop windows, gesturing the while and speaking in a tongue no word of which did I understand. I gave up the straight sidewalk for a more erratic wandering between the carts in the street. Men with strong, dark faces, with aquiline noses and full, black beards. Men in long, dark coats of a shiny material which glistened in the light. Old men with black silk skull caps, under which their grey beards fell for a foot. Women with huge cloth covered baskets, bending

under the load of vegetables to which the damp of the earth still clung; others tending the pushcarts, propped up with boxes to form temporary tables. Figured skirts, gay shawls thrown over heads and fastened at the throat with large pins.

I stopped at a cart to admire an arrangement of red and white pomegranates. A little wizzled-up patriarch, in a blue shirt and baggy trousers valiantly upheld by one suspender, made up for diminutive proportions by a surprising volubility and an unprecedented amount of salesmanship. With a flow of talk calculated to convince the most luke-warm of passersby to the exceptional merits of his fruit, he thrust himself upon me. But I had no wish to be burdened with purchases. Perceiving my disinterest, he left me for a bewhiskered gentleman to my right, who was minutely inspecting, pinching, and otherwise applying all known tests for determining the quality of pomegranates.

Some of these fellows were selling from tubs set on stones. Dark green olives much larger than we are used to, he fished out with a scoop, varying this operation by a versatile groping about with his unoccupied hand in the other grimy tub. I discovered, after watching several submersions of his arm into the black liquid, that it contained a pickled fish which he bore, dripping its pattern on the dry bricks, to a scale suspended from a pole at the rear of his wagon.

A short distance away from the crowd was a clearing. Here it was possible to look up at the houses. The tops of these shacks seemed to meet overhead, but occasionally broke away to reveal a good slice of sky and the tops of a few venerable trees. What imperfections of architecture may have been visible by day were kindly veiled now by the dark. On balconies some feet above the ground bedclothes were flapping in an indifferent wind, catching the light from the hissing oil torches mounted on poles over the teams in the center of the trading. In this spot very little light broke the heavy dusk, making it a restful island in the sea of activity.

Looking back, I could distinguish but little. What I saw was simply an illumination bordered with a changing mass of flat shadow. The hum of voices seemed strangely distant. It was broken in its steadiness only by the shrill shout of some vendor.

Tucked away upon the edge of the street there was a shop. An antique place, with a twelve years' accumulation of dust upon its windows and shelves. The outside glass benefited by the rain, but the interior and the mass of bric-a-brac not enjoying this natural advantage were in a sad state and threatened by early entombment in their own dirt. A tall, thin chap with sad eyebrows added to this funereal aspect by a dirge in a very minor key, which he played upon one of the several fiddles more fortunate than the rest in having all four strings intact.

Thru a comparatively clean patch on the window, I could see by the frugal lamplight coloured glass bottles, Chinese brass bowls, mounted birds, candelabra, carved wood heads, pear shaped flasks, beer steins—an endless collection, altogether a find for one who cared to browse around among the towering shelves. As for me, I feared a heavy step might start an avalanche of crockery upon my head.

My nose led me around a corner to a restaurant. No matter how excellent my appetite had been to sample their dishes of renown, the edge was taken off my desire for refreshments by the display in the butcher's window. Speckled bologna trussed against bursting by strings wound around its midriff; the tongue of some large, and I believe, carnivorous animal; tired looking, sanguine livers; and an unusually artistic draping from pillar to post, as it were, of the intimate parts of an animal, altogether giving a naive effect of crepe paper decoration.

But I started for the restaurant. A common bread eaten by these people has the general effect of a very large, fat, brown peppermint, sprinkled with seeds which give it appearance of a well-populated anthill minus the usual activity. There is another loaf, long, and made of many dough baseballs

fastened together and baked. A young girl opened the door and held out to me a tray covered with queer shaped pastry sprinkled with nuts and seeds. The hair of this pretty waitress was black and drawn back into a tight knot in the nape of her neck. Deep-set dark eyes in a transparent olive-coloured skin and a generous mouth with crimson lips. I accepted a cake and for the first time regretted my inability to speak the native tongue. After giving the proper pantomime for thanks, I turned again, toward the market, passing on the way a deserted structure with a sign advertising Russian and Turkish Baths.

A careless stumble against a crate set up a cackling and squawking at my feet. I had disturbed some sleepy hens. Once in so often a hand would reach down thru the top of the box. Those hens would set up a wild rush, but always the hand succeeded in grasping a neck. A quick up pull—feathers in the wind and the noise was less by one. Do you remember that old sea-dog in Maine who had sailed the Seven Seas, and his story about the Chinese Market where the obliging Mongolian skins the cat for your Sunday dinner on the spot?

The market was beginning to close now. A few teams were starting off. The woman and the small children sat in the straw on the floor of the team, and the man and boy up front drove off over the cobbles, setting the lantern swaying and making a merry jingle.

The vendors ceased haggling over prices. Like birds fighting over a worm, they lost their amiability at each other's open display of competition and offered to risk financial ruin by giving away their vegetables at a beggar's price, in order to drive home empty wagons.

One bent, tan-faced, old man, whose beard fell down inside the cart and draped itself about the onions, was straightening out his bunches of lentils, figs, peppers of all the colors in the pepper spectrum, and a tray of turnips looking for all the world like bits of twisted angleworms.

One straight-backed man with a

puffed-up spirit of dignity stood with hands folded behind him, as his wife and son conducted the business. Bowing and smiling, but with few words, he received the money for the sales.

A toy merchant who had passed the hour on his knees, submerged in a crowd of delighted watchers, straightened out his cramped limbs, picked up his cushion and his remaining jim-cracks, and shuffled off.

The youngsters like real gypsy children, barefoot and with ragged pants that fell to their ankles, rushed around the boxes, and stuffed in their shirts the few things left by the marketmen.

Then I packed up, too, and waiting for a cab I took one last look upon the streets where the lights were going out, upon the marketplace of a sincere, earnest and hard-working people it has been my good fortune to meet

A Letter from E. W. G. to Boston.
October 10, 1926.

.....I was surprised to read that part of your letter. You had not told me you intended to do any travelling. Where were you—Continent?

E. W. G.

A Letter from Boston to E. W. G., Jr.

November 1, 1926.

.....Laddie, a thousand apologies for being what you so tactfully call "an accursed rotten penman".

I have not been away this summer. My little expedition did not take me more than three miles away from the limits of this town. That place was the home for many of a great people—to do a little quoting, "a people whose religious thought and practices, with the heritage of Roman and Greek culture, became the foundation and structure of modern civilization". Selah.

RONALD MURRAY.

A good book is the precious life blood of a master spirit, embalmed and treasured up on purpose for a life beyond life.

JOHN MILTON.

UP MT. WASHINGTON IN A SEVENTY MILE GALE

The outstanding hours of my vacation were passed in climbing and spending the night on that well known peak of the Presidential Range, Mount Washington. Surely no adventurer of the frozen North or traveller in the romantic lands of the Old World could have experienced a greater feeling of adventure, commanded a grander view, or passed through as many changes of scenery and weather in twenty-four hours as I did that notable day last August.

What a glorious day it was! A cheerful sun shone through the bower of trees, making the road a ribbon of dancing lights and shadows. The air was fragrant with the exhilarating scent of pine as the sun dried the needles, it rang with the song of the thrush and the warbler. Never before had I detected such a musical note in the weird trill of the solitary loon.

Our party, which numbered twelve, soon gathered about the postoffice in the little village and after some slight confusion, on account of forgotten handkerchiefs and delayed farewells, we were off.

It seemed almost no time before we reached the Crawfords, Mt. Washington Hotel, and the base station, the time being taken up by a general chorus and a few solos by those wishing operatic distinction. Just one thing happened to dampen our spirits. A jealous shower passed over us, not bad enough to disfigure the soft, springy little curls which, strangely, many of the young ladies seemed to have acquired during the night.

We all hopped out of the autos and looked at the peak towering above us, wondering if we would last until we reached the top. If so, we could stand there on the crest of the world and watch the sun sink into the west, leaving the dark purple ranges silhouetted against the rose and golden horizon.

We lost no time in hitting the trail. After crossing the Amonoosic River several times we left it to gurgle and splash as it would. We were going to climb, so up and up we went, over trees and under trees, down a few feet then straight up many more. Soon rest periods became frequent for we were going straight up as if on a ladder, minus the convenient rounds and the firm footing.

The air became crisper. Suddenly it was cold. On went the sweaters that we had tied about our waists. As we reached the timber line the wind began to assert itself. We were travelling much more slowly now, our legs feeling the great strain of the three hours' pull. Being out of the woods, we could at last see the grand view below us. Ahead of us, instead of the peak or the tip top house, was a great sullen cloud dragging itself over the top of the mountain.

The wind began to blow with full force and the air became more frigid than ever. Now we struggled upwards, straight into the cloud. Were we to see angels or the silver lining so much spoken about? We would soon find out now.

Alas! our hopes were dashed! Who said clouds had silver linings? What was in those big, white, billowy clouds for poets to expostulate upon? Nothing but a heavy fog. And now a wind that we could hardly fight. Could we *ever* make it? Every step seemed a mile. One by one, then two by two, the pretty little curls straightened into wet, stringy locks hanging over our faces.

Here above the timber line were no trees to grab in case of a sudden blast. In such instances all one could do was to strike sure footing on the rocks or fall down. Rests came about every twenty-five feet. One would find a hole or lie flat on his back behind a high rock. No one minded lying on the rocks any more, in fact, they were much less cruel than the cutting wind and rain.

Finally, after being at the mercy of the elements for the last two hours, we heard signs of life. If we had had more strength we would have proclaimed our presence by strong vocal accord but every breath and ounce of energy was needed for the last few yards of our ascent. We climbed slowly and breathlessly until we saw the great black mass of the tip top house looming up before us.

With a last great effort we reached the piazza, the wind blowing us around the wet porch until, one after another, we grasped the big black knob which meant peace, warmth, and shelter to us all.

What joy and triumph! As soon as we got our bearings we sat down to hot soup,

listening to reports that the wind had been blowing seventy miles an hour all afternoon and had risen to eighty before we arrived at the top. More glory to us.

That night we slept in the clouds. What a night it was! Wind and rain kept the house in continuous motion. One might easily believe he were in a ship.

Being naturally a poor sleeper, I did not sleep a wink all night. In the morning I got up early. As I peered out of the door, lo and behold! I was struck un-awares by a great icicle. Could this be the same country I awoke in only the morning before? Where were the birds and the scent of the pine? Now I was greeted by icicles, hail, snow, and a temperature of thirty degrees above zero. Surely it would be risky to take the trail down in this weather?

After breakfast we waited a few hours for a break in the clouds, but in vain. We sent the lighter members of the party down by train for fear of their blowing off. The sturdier ones prepared to tramp, trip, or fall down as opportunity offered.

Putting on all the extra clothes we had, and padding ourselves with newspapers, we ventured out once again. What a queer sight we must have been with our ties about our heads, hands padded with adhesive tape, lunches in bags hanging from our waists, hair and sweaters covered with frost and icicles, bobbing up

and down on the rocks in our descent! Those of us who had our lunches in paper bags soon came to grief, for the bags split and one by one the eggs and sandwiches fell down between the rocks.

When we reached the halfway house we went in to get warm once again. Those who had any lunch left finished the remnants there.

Then—just as we were leaving, came a break in the clouds! I think we never exclaimed for joy as we did at that moment. All in a second came the change from a winter's storm to sunshine and the most wonderful view that ever lay before us. It seemed as if the whole world was before our eyes, calm, majestic, and beautiful.

Now, the three miles down were filled with gorgeous views at every turn. The weather grew milder and milder, until at last we reached the base of the mountain in weather exactly as lovely as that we had left behind us the day before. We could plainly see, however, that the top was still in the clouds; so fleecy here but so different up there.

Our trip home was a great deal quieter than the one of the day before. Our minds were too filled with the glorious sights we had seen and the experiences we had felt to spoil the rest of the day with silly songs and chatter.

VIRGINIA STARBIRD.

BLOOM

The Girl sat in the midst of beauty. Perfumed winds brought her eternal, mysterious melodies. A sundrenched world offered her all that delights the senses. The Child of a Singer and a Scientist was she, and her Mother's soul in her danced and was glad.

A pool under a willow tree basked in dappled sunlight and shadow. The Girl sat on its bank and gazed at the twisting colors in its depth. The heart of the pool was like that of a pearl studied before a fire.

As the Girl dreamed her eye was caught by a shadow which emerged from a deeper shadow and took on form and color. It moved with the grace of a creature utterly free. Hair more golden

than Circe's own writhed and flamed about a miniature figure so fair, so delicately formed, that the Girl scarce could breath for sheer ecstasy. A green, silken scarf waved about the diminutive being as it moved about. Turquoise, amethyst, vermillion flashed in its tail, like jewels, as it glided into the sunlight.

Farther and farther the Girl leaned towards the water. To hold it in her hand, to see it closely, to feel it. Ah! She must, she must! A sudden scoop and the Girl felt a convulsive writhing in her hands. As she looked, tho, a fish of dull, dark scales and repulsive eyes wiggled from her clasp and returned to the shadows. All that was left was a bat-

(Continued on Page Eighteen)

ALONG THE ROOSEVELT HIGHWAY

In a recent assembly we were given a picture of the peace and grandeur of California's Redwood forests.

Travel on into Oregon, over the Roosevelt Highway, and you will come to the forests of spruce and hemlock. For hours you skirt along the ocean and look down on waves breaking on the rocks, or a sea of fog on which the tops of great rocks seem to float. The fog drifts softly into the valleys, curls around Humbug mountain, and finally envelops you with a chilly cloak as the car traces the hairpin curves down the mountain sides.

Then you must make a big jump for the Southern and Northern ends of the Roosevelt Highway in Oregon do not meet as yet.

The Northern end is new and opens up untouched forests of spruce and hemlock. Here and there are farms owned by the Indians from the Siletze Reservation. Driving thru the tall, clean stands of timber, you may surprise a deer in the middle of the road, as we did, or meet a pioneer family that settled on Schooner Creek twenty years ago when provisions were carried upon the back in packs, later on by pack-horse, and now by a Ford.

But now it will not be long before the sound of the saw and the donkey engines will be heard. Soon the hills will be a ruin of stumps and brush. The Siletze River will be filled with floating logs as is the river at Garibaldi, where the following incident occurred.

We walked along the grass grown road which followed the winding of the river, on either side of which were hills covered with timber. Soon we came to a barrier with a sign which read: ROAD CLOSED, LOGGING AHEAD. Down

the hillside and crossing the road, some thirty feet before us was a slide, slightly concave, made of heavy logs with steel plates on the bottom so the logs would slide smoothly. At the foot of the slide was a broad, deep canal, dug in from the river, to receive the logs. One donkey engine was puffing away at the end of the slide, and we could hear another on the top of the hill.

We climbed the barrier and keeping at what we thought was a safe distance, waited for something to happen.

The engine on the hill tooted twice and a log started down. Gaining speed as it came, and shaking the ground beneath us, it thundered past and shot into the water, making a geyser fifteen or twenty feet high. It gave us a thrill to see these great logs come down, logs of such size that three load a flat car. We wondered if any of them ever jumped the slide—and moved farther away.

Toot-toot—Toot-toot—Toot-toot, three logs started on their way, one after the other, mammoth logs which made the ground tremble. The first rushed by and a great fountain shot into the air as it struck the water. The second following close after the first, for some reason stopped at the end of the slide. Then, roaring and thundering came the largest of all. It crashed into the second log, splintering it half its length into kindling wood, and, with a mighty jump, cleared the slide and buried itself end up in the mud and water of the canal.

One of the steels in the slide had sprung at one end, causing the accident. The donkey engine came to the rescue and began clearing the slide of the jammed and splintered log. Many hours would elapse before they could slide logs again.

ZELLA BUCKINGHAM.

A POEM IN PROSE

What if the spot be only a few miles from home? Is it not a pleasure and exhilarating experience to find new friends in nature as well as in human nature? I love to wander over roads where the grass grows on either side and in the middle. What a thrilling wave shoots

through me when I turn into an overgrown path which looks as though the last people to follow it were wild red Indians! There must be *one*, at least, hiding in the thickets.

Here to my left are groups of grace-
(Continued on Page Twenty-four)

COURTESY OF CASSON GALLERIES



"TWO OLD SALTS"

By Sigourd Skou



EDITORIAL



This is an excerpt from Edward Simmons' book, "From Seven to Seventy," a review of which is printed below:

My first work was the head of an Italian; it was very bad. Boulanger stopped in back of me and said:

"If you go on this way, you might as well go home and make shoes."

A thing like that had seldom happened to me; I couldn't help showing off, and it hit hard. I realized that the criticism was right, but I thought that he should have told me how to cure myself. So I left the room and waited on the stairs for a half hour before he came out. Seeing me, he tried to push by, but I stopped him, saying:

"I admit everything you said. I do not know anything, but I came here to learn. (By this time the tears were streaming down my cheeks.) You shall not leave here until you tell me what to do."

He thought for a moment. "Well, have you seen the outline drawings by Gerome?"

I thought them the finest things I knew of, and said so.

"Go back and make one, and mind you, young man, see that you take a week over it. Good morning."

These drawings were larger than the academy paper, so I got a three-foot stretcher and put wrapping paper on it. They wouldn't let me in the front row at school because it was too large and obstructed everyone's view; I had, therefore, to go in the back of the room and stand up to see the model. In two days I had finished it, and I started it over again, rubbing out so much that I wore holes in the paper. After one every week for three weeks, they came easier.

Boulanger was away on a vacation, and when he came back he passed me by as though I did not exist. July, August, September went by and still he ignored me. I was too scared and miserable to speak to him. Finally, one day he walked in back of my easel and halted as if shot! Turning to the school, he said:

"None of you could do a drawing like this, and I doubt if any one of you could copy it." Then turning to me, "Let's see you make an academy."

I switched from being a loafer and *chiquer* from that moment and realized that only by eight hours' daily work and hard digging could I become a painter. The next week there was a prize offered of a hundred francs for the best drawing—and I won it.

From Seven to Seventy by Edward Simmons. The author takes us on a long delightful ramble around Concord to New York, Chicago and California and then across the old world through quaint old towns which still retain their medieval charm. In Concord we go on a fox hunt with Thoreau and walk with Emerson. In California we dwell under the shade of Mount Shasta. We cross Brittany and, in Spain, witness the Fiesta of Elche, a wonderful ceremony cen-

turies old. In England we meet Stevenson, Zorn and Sargent. At "The Players" in New York we learn to love Stanford White and St. Gaudens. Edwin Booth and Francis Wilson talk to us. Tarkington makes us laugh at dinner. While Simmons leads us we see the finest art in our country. Scrooge himself has no more complete dream journey, but this one is true and very enjoyable.

H. L. F.

ON TRAVEL

I suppose that we folk here along the seaboard are so accustomed to the thought of foreign travel that we no longer thrill to such adventurous phrases as "sailing date", "outbound passage", "the occident", "the orient", or to any of those spicy terms that lured the traveler of a generation or so ago away from the comparative security of his home.

The steamship companies of today have impressed us that we need not necessarily blight our social careers by taking advantage of their remarkably low "student rates" and guide books now list many of the more artful dodges in avoiding exorbitant hotel bills, restaurant charges, tips, and the like. In consequence to-day, most of us do not crawl under life's more serious burdens until we have percolated through the European tourist system at least. To toss out a "When I was in Lunnon,"—or to gossip easily about Lady Liberty of New York seeming to leap joyously at one's arrival no longer brings admiring drawing-room throngs gasping to their feet: rather than these cherished expansions of our fathers we must refer to an airplane crash in Siberia, climbing Mt. Everest in a "collegiate flivver", or at least we shall have swum the English Channel before hoping to interest the satiated imaginations of our sophisticated brethren.

Added to the amazing store of conveniences that even the poorest of us may now possess and indeed greatly feel the lack of if we do not, to our valved and push-buttoned homes, our cars, radios, and transit system that snap us over incredibly large areas and back again in a few minutes or less, we now include the privilege of proving that Magellan, the first globe trotter, was merely doing an advertising stunt for some medieval real estate concern.

A consideration of our modern "Tour" somewhat explains this flood of traveling. Formerly, you know, ships were used to transport commodities from one place to another and

this being an amiable pursuit the rather slow but decidedly poetic sailing ship was an admirable conveyance. Voyages then were of considerable length and were only successfully accomplished by prodigious labor on the part of the crew which was inspired by even more effort on the part of the mates: they were also attended by the hardship imposed by a lack of fresh viands. Thus the men to be found on ships, though wearing no very high social polish, were of a decidedly rugged order and when you have said that you automatically explain why ships have generally been considered peopled by Cro-Magnons and have been the favorite setting of many adventurous tales. This condition of affairs was tempting only to the bolder sort of traveler and as such a chap is rather self-reliant no especial effort was made about the world to entertain him. He came and went with delightful ease and abandon and was usually only turned to account as the gay blade in the romances or (and for them we owe him much) as the writer of many brilliant accounts. You and I, had we lived in that day, might have believed as did many that once clear of friendly shores one could expect pirates, head-hunters, or gibbering wah-hoos to come piling aboard at any minute or, did we survive those perils, "heathen" to be encountered everywhere but at home. "Shanghai", "Barcelona", "Bombay", or "Teneriffe" were but mind-pictures then; they were symbols of everything that the local life did not stand for.

Then someone invents the steamship and "the old order changeth". Radio, ice machines, dance orchestras, and other conveniences are rushed aboard the large and commodious ship and like magic you have a new chapter. Your tall, dark, and handsome traveler retreats to parts yet unknown and you and I clutter the custom docks with the spoil of our "tour." Do not misunderstand me. Progress is not to be regretted: a continued moan over the passing of the old is

comparable only to the too jubilant hailing of the new. As one old stodger puts it "You just compare the two. They both have their points an' the world just aint torn down or built up in a minute". Today we are continually advised by all manner of advertising matter that an occasional tour should be included in every well regulated life and so impressive are the advanced arguments that the vogue has been started. Where we once had "Jakob Holdfast, and one satchel" on the passenger list we now have "Madame Fifine and forty-seven trunks". No longer is the traveler called upon to swing a mean cutlass for God, Country, and his own neck's safety when the crew goes on a rampage for more pay and less work; rather if he now helps sufficiently in the entertainment of the female passengers he has acquitted himself of the only moral obligation that is likely to encounter. In a sense we have tamed the waves with the complex code of conventions we have here ashore:—the sheer impertinence of a shipload of folk literally dancing their way across the ocean is just too much for Father Neptune who becomes more feeble every year. His sirens just can't charleston as well as the bright company aboard and the firmament that once was his proudest display is no rival to the ball room illumination—even his tempest loses viewed from the boat deck; in fact the seasick folk are the only ones who see in him the terrible old man of the deeps. Whereas we once exhibited with a considerable pride teak elephants, pith helmets, and Spanish shawls and combs we now find these articles on the local bargain counters and so customary is it for our neighbors to jaunt off about the world that we no longer insist on the travel stickers on the luggage. This state of affairs has no parallel in history nor even in fable—the magic carpet was not fitted with a windshield.

Because of the tour the east is now the west and the west the east; our most popular modes are Russian, Turkish, English, French, Italian, or Chinese—even African while aboard

the "American Jazz Band" is the acoustical feature of the evening and many other "American" institutions flourish more by native than by tourist support. One old lady who flies around from one tour to another tells me that so readily have foreigners caught on to our way of doing things she now feels perfectly at home anywhere along the route which certainly is the final word. If the travel companies could be incorporated as the League of Nations and could they then mop up world politics as neatly as they have policed their travel lanes we might soon make nuseum pieces of our armaments.

These changes in foreign travel are not unrelated to other fields of activity. For instance, college football that once was merely a schoolboy antic has now become such a mammoth affair that our professors spend most of their spare time preparing treatises on its relationship to scholastic work. Fashions, I need not point out, evidence themselves in such freakish attires that a sure evening's entertainment is the exhibiting of the family snaps of ten years ago. Beaches that we crowd today were formerly utilized as subjects for watercolors by nice young ladies who whiled away their adolescence with many pursuits hardly popular with their sisters of the present. Where once your man was not a man until he counted forty odd summers we now invest our youth with a considerable dignity and responsibility. The easiest thing to find is the thing that "never used to be done," most of us never get any farther than to reiterate that querulous chirp. Consequently our papers are crowded with protests against "Red" Grange, wide-bottomed pants and short skirts, bathing suits, and against any and all conditions that account for the flapper and fatuous youth. Nor is all this flood of comment from the drones; some folks seem dedicated to the proposition of making all things as they were. Even our President has broken one of his customs, that of not wasting words, when he recently passed advice on the proper tricing of the modern pants.

THE OLD BUILDING SPEAKS

(Dedicated to Mr. Farnum with apologies
to Wordsworth)

Strange bursts of feeling have I known:
And I will dare to tell,
But in my children's ears alone,
What thoughts within me swell.

When they I love came back one day
Fresh from their summer's fun,
I longed to hear what they would say
About the work they'd done.

Upon their art I fixed my eye
In every studio
And wondered why they all would try
To paint my cheeks up so.

My garments fine they never see
Bought with uncommon wealth
Bestowed alone on happy me
When Mother was good in health.

My jewels still are in my hair
More lovely with the years;
My shawl is old, but very rare
And hides my secret tears.

My face is old, and wrinkles seam
The cheeks that once were fair;
But still my eyes as brightly beam
In spite of all my care.

What fond and wayward thoughts will
slide
Into a Mother's mind!
What if my dear ones from me glide
With eyes that still are blind!

H. L. F.

I am more and more convinced that the changes that occur in the separate manifestations of human activity are no one person's particular concern. That they do occur is obvious but despite the fact that we often construct plausible even truthful theories of why these things are we can not alter the facts. We may make a shrewd guess as to what may next be the mode and indeed in many affairs must even gamble on our deductions but our business failures are, many of them, those of chaps that guessed

wrong. A complete resignation to the inevitable is not suited to our Nordic temperament; we must be Masters of our destinies and our lives are an expression of that indomitable purpose. Occasionally, some jackass is completely successful in this, but he is poor company.

One arrives at these momentous conclusions if one has traveled. Now, having like the well-horse rounded out a complete circuit, I will make bold to call it a thought and leave it with you.

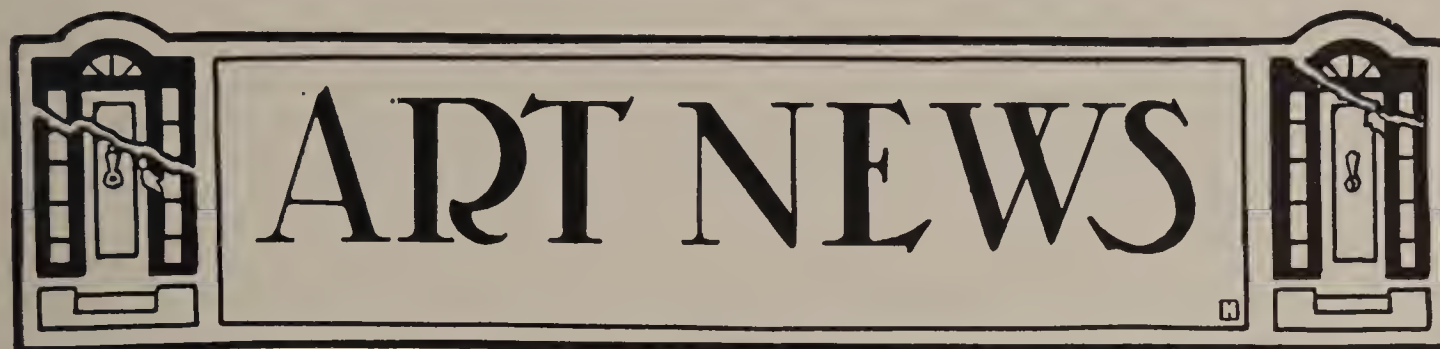
S. H. REDFIELD

COURTESY OF MUSEUM OF FINE ARTS



FRAY FELIZ HORTENSIO PALAVICINO

By El Greco



ART NEWS

Someone once said that the Guild of Boston artists was made up of the faculty of the Normal Art School and the Museum School. That is very true, and this is truer—not an hour passes at the exhibition rooms of the Guild on Newbury Street without some one or many of our critical students dropping in to look 'em over. Probably no other gallery is so familiar and popular with the student body as the Guild, both because of its proximity, and the aforementioned fact, that our instructors exhibit there frequently.

Mr. Hamilton has a landscape in the window at the present writing that passersby like to stop and look at. It is delicately and artistically done, and elusive in quality. Inside, there are two already familiar still lifes by Mr. Major, and two new ones by Mr. Sharmon, both of them having that unique effect of light and simplicity that is so noticeable in his work.

Among the newer pictures there is a marine—a sailing ship on a white-capped blue sea—by John P. Benson, a seaport scene by Philip Little, a new portrait by William Paxton, smooth in color and execution, a still life by Elizabeth Paxton and a picture by Philip Hale, a woman in white seated on very green grass, very light in quality and key.

We would like Frank Benson's marsh and lily pad painting to stay where it is permanently; it is always fascinating. F. A. Bosley's interior also is still decidedly interesting; the whole picture seems to have taken an air of harmony from the lovely blue and gold screen in it.

There are many others with which we are already familiar—Lillian Westport Hale's charming seated girl, a Kaula landscape, a portrait by Leslie Thompson of a woman in black and monkey fur against a pale background, Charles Woodbury's sea picture of rocks and in-

coming waves, a snow scene by Aldro Hibbard, and a landscape by Lilla Cabot Perry.

The following will exhibit at the Guild next month: Arthur Spear, November 1-13; Albert Felix Schmidt, November 15-27; Lillian Westport Hale, November 29-December 11.

The Art Club continued its members' exhibition, begun last May, thru October twelfth. The present exhibit is of water colors by a group of nine. Six of the group exhibited last year under the title of the "Group of Six."

Their work is decidedly original, in modernistic vein. It is a colorful exhibition, and one which no one should miss, water color fans or not. It is also interesting from the technical point of view, for these artists seem not to have thought of the limitations of water color; they rather admit no limitations, adapt the medium to their own uses. The result is an exhibition quite free and unlabored and yet not at all lacking in technical skill and truth.

Charles Hovey Pepper has contributed some charming pictures, for the most part lake scenes deep in tone and depth. John Goss does houses and Rockport scenes in an original and pleasing manner. Marion Monks Chase presents an original viewpoint and style. Others represented are Ernest Fiene, Frederick Lowell, Edward Hopper, Carl Gordon Cutler, Charles Demuth and Charles Hopkinson. The exhibit will continue thru October.

The Vose Galleries opened their season with three exhibits—miscellaneous paintings, etchings, and floral paintings by Henry Hammond Abl. Among the paintings there is a familiar winter scene by Walter Koeniger, and a seacoast picture by Fechin, with his usual interesting technic.

At Doll and Richards there is an exhibition of water colors by Harley Per-

kins, fresh in color and viewpoint. The title of one of his landscapes, "Textures" suggests the feeling of them all. He is not concerned so much with the ordinary viewpoint of colors and shapes as with their large aspect.

There are also some small paintings here that should not be overlooked—two by Sargent, a John La Farge, and others.

Sears Gallagher's water colors will be exhibited here from October 27 to November 9—and from November 3 to 16, decorative water colors by Karoly Fülöp. Water colors by Vladimir Pavlosky will be shown from November 10-23.

The water colors at the Copley gallery by Henry W. Rice are more familiar to us, being New England scenes, done in a broad, but conventional manner.

The portraits and decorative paintings of R. H. Ives Gammell are also on exhibition, and are a vivid contrast—the portraits rich in tone, and well modelled, and the panels modelled scarcely at all, and high in key. Their color is excellent and they are well composed; the subjects are allegorical or mythical.

The decorative paintings of Ettore Caser are on exhibit at the Casson galleries. The paintings, for the most part landscapes or pastoral in character, are fresh in color and technic.

Elizabeth Keith has an exhibit of block prints in the Japanese style of Japanese, Chinese and Philippine subjects. They have a charming tropical atmosphere, and the color and design are most harmonious.

COURTESY OF CASSON GALLERIES



"TWIN RIVER HOVEL"

By Hallowell

COURTESY OF CASSON GALLERIES



"MAGELLAN'S VICTORY"
By Mildred G. Burrage



"SETTERS"
By Percival Rousseau

THE WHITE ROSE

Here the frost-killed plants did lay,
Limp and hoary, purple gray,
One white rose held up her head,
Sweet amidst the sullied dead.

Tales they told of a fearsome knight
Who rides down from the icy north,
Every hundred years or so,
Spoiling, killing, tearing down.

Not a city does he spare,
Not a stronghold stands against him,
Not a field does he pass by,
And no person lives behind him.

Greatest heroes doth he vanquish,
There is naught to do but flee,
To remain is worse than folly,
To resist is worse than death.

She whom they called Rose did listen
To the horrid tales they told.
And she smiled and thought about him,
Romanced, till she came to love him.

"He is coming. Haste, my Lady!"
But she shook her golden head,
And she smoothed her satin skirts
With her long, slim fingered hands,
And she waited for the knight.

Fragrant petals fluttered down,
Lifeless, crumpled, veined with brown.
The white rose did fall apart
And I kissed her frozen heart.

B. S.

(Continued from Page Seven)

tered doll some child might have lost,
whose matted hair clung mockingly to
her hands. A green scum with which the
lifeless thing was covered seemed to at-
tach itself to her very flesh.

The sun went under a cloud and a dis-
cordant auto horn tore at the stillness.
A vile odor rose from the limp, sodden
thing she held, polluting the air.

Violently the Girl flung it with all her
strength far out into the gleaming sur-
face. A flash of drops and an ever-in-

creasing circle on the pool alone showed
its grave, for the shadows caught the
poor rejected thing and hid it in their
depth.

The Girl sank on the damp moss and
wept, overpowered by a crushing hatred
for her father.

T.

The image that expresses nothing is
not beautiful.

ELIE FAURE.



Editor-in-Chief

BARBARA SPOFFORD, 1928

Associate Editor

REINA LEEK, 1927

Literary Editor

BETTY LANE

Advertising Manager

MORRIS GREYSER, 1927

Business Manager

JACOB G. ROSENBERG, 1928

Art Editor

FRANK VAN STEEN, 1927

Assistant

WILLIAM DUNCAN, 1929

CLASS EDITORS

Senior, ALLA WASELESKI

Junior, PRISCILLA PACKARD

Sophomore, HELENE DAUPHINE

A SUMMER'S WORTH OF SIGHTS

We cannot all journey to Europe—or even to Montreal—but there are plenty of picturesque and pleasing sights here in Massachusetts for those of us who exercise our orbs.

A gay youth and his laughing girl-friend dashing along the road in a flivver. In a crate on the back seat are several white geese, who stick their long necks between the wooden slats and gaze bewildered at the jostling trees and jumping houses.

A long range of salmon and orange cloud fluffs reaching across the land and far out over the ocean. To the north the sky is deep blue, to the south violet and mingled sunset colors. The sea is rippled mother-of-pearl.

A left-handed parrot eating yellow corn.

A spectacled youth with a dirty bandage on his index finger, avidly reading "The Private Life of Helen of Troy."

Nature imitating art—a New England landscape in the manner of a Japanese print. A pale grey sky with a rose-colored sun, dull grey hills, dark grey trees, and a wet road mirroring the greys.

A score of crows perched like pigeons on the ridge of a solitary house.

A very self-conscious man who looked

like Larry Semon, roller-skating round and round the rink to the calliope's blithe "horses, horses, horses—"

A dark red pump hideously decorated with scroll designs in dead yellow.

Two very gnarled old willows, heads together like fairy-tale hags whispering maliciously about the folk who pass by.

Margaret and I climbing the dark steps of the Pilgrim Monument at Provincetown on a damp, foggy day, eating the popcorn that the guard suggested we leave below. Bits of snowy corn flurry around the windswept platform. Margaret drops the empty box over the high railing. Far out from the tower it floats, over the clipped grass of the little park, across the road, above the shrubby trees. Leisurely, easily, it drops to the waiting dunes. I have never felt the grandeur of Rome, I have never heard the secret of the Sphinx, but I have watched the Odyssey of a greasy pasteboard box and relearned, somehow, the folly of haste, the ultimate futility of all endeavor, and the wisdom of graceful resignation to the decrees of Fate. Did Margaret, who is the most empathetic person I know, feel anything of all this? Are popcorn containers schooled in Oriental philosophy, I wonder?

ON VOICES

As I possess an unusual Voice, I consider myself an authority on the subject.

I decided that I'd write an article. Of course, when one does this, one usually informs the Editor of it. That's exactly what I did. I went up to the Yart Gum Office and timidly knocked on the door. A great Voice cried, "Come in!"

"Editor, I mean Bara," I sez, then stopped. I couldn't go on. It was too much, my Voice wouldn't function. Bashfulness, that has ruined so many a person's chances, was spoiling mine, for Bara looked at me with that elevation-of-the-eyebrow glance and sniffed haughtily.

"Really," she sez, "Er really." That was all, she was as embarrassed as I. We glared at each other like a coupla strange cats. What right, thought I, what right has a person to be snooty? Finally I blurted it out.

"Gee whiz, I got a great idea about writing an article on Voices," I gulped. "Can I do it?"

"If you're able," she snapped with hauteur. "We pay two dollars a word for articles, if they're acceptable."

I turned and fled, the ordeal was over.

.

In gathering material for this article I consulted many authorities. All have agreed that Voices are born and made. That is, an infant may start life with a strong, husky Voice, but, through no fault of his own, lose that Voice, or most of it, because of accidents which he couldn't prevent.

Of the various types of Voices I noticed in and out of school, two were like Flutes, one was throaty and mellow as if the owner were gargling cream, several baby Voices (and baby faces), a

tenor (Elmer), a baritone (Jessie), and others of interest. One I liked particularly, it belonged to a girl, but it was husky and strong. It gulped and gurgled but never offended in its meanderings. It streamed its way up and down the scale like deep piano music.

There is a boy who hisses his words like a snake. The mellow Voice I spoke about may be heard about the school frequently calling for a person named Smith. It is an unusual Voice with a honeyed, sad quality. Don't be fooled into thinking It is It, though, for Bob is a corking mimic.

A Freshman possesses a Voice like a bubbling brook, a continually surging, happy sort that is as young as Youth. Another Voice is small and shivery like a wintry day.

There are boyish girls' Voices, girlish boys' Voices, husky ones, shrill ones, happy ones, sad ones, the dead kind, snappy Voices and, above all, the perfect Voices that really fit.

After getting my readers all excited over the subject of Voices I'm simply going to stop talking about them. They can't be chosen like a hat, so they rarely fit. If I write any more the Yart Gum will be bankrupt. Lemme see, they'll have to pay me about \$999.98 for this article, at the rate of \$2.00 a word!

I intend to be generous and share it with another. With it Bara and I shall take Voice Culture (we'll need alluv it) and be the envy of all. This article was written primarily in self defense but the writer received much enjoyment from it. They say that Jack Dempsey's Voice is high and squeaky, so, after all, what's in a Voice?

D. D.

HAVE YOU EVER

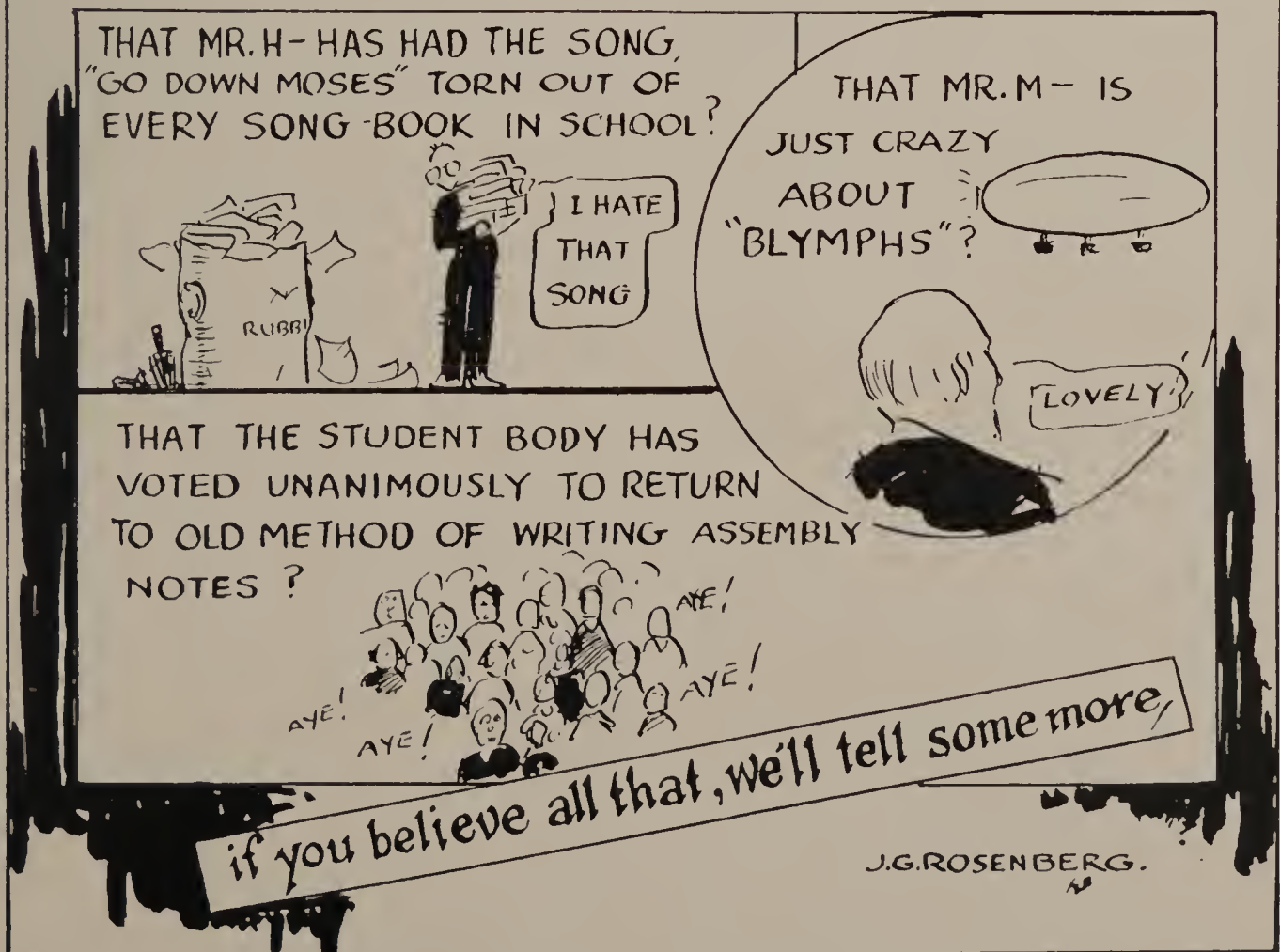
Have you ever lain awake at night to go traveling in the dark, up the shadows on the wall, to the moonbeams shimmering on the wall?

Why do you think and think about the thread that held the sword of Damocles? A crown to wear might be the goal, but what if it should take my head? Yes, alas, what if—what if?

Or might it be the Spanish Main at night—Peering, leering through a porthole, fancy free to be a daring buccaneer of loot, plotting how, just how to get the key!

Could it be the owl and the pussycat, a-sailing in their pea-green boat, where the moon is always round in

(Continued on Page Twenty-four)





CLASS NEWS

FROM THE SENIORS

An observant citizen would shake his head sadly indeed if he could but find a few plums on his tree worth the picking—but suggestions are always welcome—be generous!

Summer is over; work has begun. The vortex of school life passes on—new faces, familiar faces, all eagerly striving to reach a goal. Those who drop out are soon lost, leaving but a thread of associations clinging to the pathway where those restless feet do tramp—tramp.

Associations of long standing begin to weave a definite pattern, one of loyalty and sympathy interlacing throughout each year, a part, as it were, of a whole. Let us, then, gratefully welcome Amorette Weed, who has been so ill, back to the fold, and let us realize the part each friendship means before illness shows us the way.

Therefore, with happiness,

“We too, sing the song of all creation
A brave sky and a glad wind blowing
by

A clear trail and an hour for meditation—”

but precious little do we realize the comfort and joy of true meditation with its sympathetic understanding of an inner self which even we, ourselves, cannot comprehend at times.

Through it we find joy in recalling our blithesome Freshman Year, when we were green and smocks were new, and hard on the tireless heels of a happy Sophomore Year came the busy Junior Year—the October Year, when realization comes knocking at the gates—with dawn!

Yet—we would not wish them back again. Isn't there a richer joy in seeing them lived over again?

To our Freshman—then—Welcome!

Keep your memories clean and unashamed; keep your work alive, satisfying, and as honest work paid for in full by work. When that is done, then you too, cannot but sing

“The song of all creation,

A brave sky and a glad wind blowing
by,

A clear trail and an hour for meditation—”

JUNIOR NOTES

After a long vacation, throughout which they had impatiently awaited the opening of school, the “chosen people” came home to roost. But not, alack! to roost together. Many a sad soul sobbed as he learned that his nearest and dearest had signed themselves away to a course other than his own. Still, there was the compensation of the weekly reunion when the merry throng assembled to contemplate the family skeleton.

Tempus fugited. We began to feel that it was time the freshmen had the advantages of our acquaintance. So the chosen people, together with the seniors, gave a reception and enjoyed themselves and the newcomers immensely. There is a general feeling that the class of 1930 will do us credit.

Elmer Greene, who has been sojourning (by camel, we hear) in Bombay and points east, will not return until Christmas time. Then, maybe, he will tell us about the pyramids and things in assembly some day. On the other hand, we are sorry to learn that Ruth Cullen and May Atkinson are not to be with us at all this year. We shall miss them very much. Aside from these instances, however, and a little matter of teething that temporarily deprived us of our Jess, all of us are back again—plump, prosperous, and persevering.

SOMETHING OF "NOTE"

Class notes—Ah, me! That means that I should relate and bring back to my classmates all the interesting and exciting happenings of these two months back at school.

Work is quite a popular entertainment, don't you find it so? It has a habit of disguising itself like a clever detective in a thrilling mystery story. I wonder if you have noticed how cunningly it curls itself up between notebook covers. Notebooks in themselves are very ordinary, no charm whatsoever, but when we find our "JOKER" waiting for us inside, how interesting and irresistible they are. Sometimes Work even impersonates well known people of long ago; it may be St. Francis, and then again, it may be Dante and Beatrice; very charming!

At other times he is a number of very necessary articles used from ages long

past through to our very own modern era. Work may, one minute, be a great Dutch chest, then on another page he becomes a delicate SHERATON chair. He may yet take the part of a "modern antique."

Notebooks are not the only disguises worn by our actor, but I must not tell all of them, for you may recognize him sometime when it would be better for you not to.

One never knows just how long he will stay with us, but he is a most obliging and entertaining fellow. He usually stays until one has to give a very broad hint for him to leave. He doesn't mind giving up his time to others and he does it so graciously. I feel, though, that he expects us to give our time to him and although we do it, perhaps we are not as unselfish as he is.

Compliments
of
MAC

Supply Store

*Individual Effects
in Photography*

May be obtained
at

Warren Kay Studio
Class Photographers



304 Boylston Street
At Arlington Street
Boston, Mass.

(Continued from Page Twenty)

the land of Make-Believe, and owls in love, with song, put out to sea?

Do you ever go hunting through the long, long night, up the rocky, ragged mountains, over a fairy sea of dew (do) to find a naughty, helpless, sleepy-head, just a-wearyin' for home and bed?

— OH —

Have you ever lain awake at night to go traveling in the dark, up the shadows on the wall, to the moon-beams shimmering on the wall?

I do—I do—

Will you?—Will you?

ALLA.

(Continued from Page Eight)

ful, delicate, white birches, leaning to each other engrossed in some happy thought of freedom in nature. A little brooklet trickles down between the

birches and the neighborly maples still in their glorious green draperies.

Above me is the blue, blue sky with not a cloud save a dripping left over from yesterday.

Shadows sprinkle themselves over the trees and streams—what a happy, dancing forest!

Through a small opening a sheet of sunshine greets me, where it spreads itself over the meadow enclosed by trees. Such trees they are! Oh, to be tall and majestic like them; or to be light and rhythmic as the streamlets; but, yet, to be just myself, bowed in humbleness to the glories of Nature's gifts.

H. D.

Today at least hath been my own,
For I have clearly lived today.

HORACE.

When man loves life he dominates
and utilizes pain.

ELIE FAURE.

*For Classroom or Studio every
Essential for the Artist—
and only the best*

One important requirement for a successful drawing is the RIGHT Material upon which to work—material which is responsive, suitable and reliable.

Our line of Artist's Supplies is so complete and varied that you can find in it material suited for every particular need.

Special Prices to Massachusetts Normal Art School Students

"Just a few a blocks away"

B. L. MAKEPEACE, Inc.

2 Stores

394 BOYLSTON ST.

387 WASHINGTON ST.

BOSTON - MASSACHUSETTS

